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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS WENTWORTH STORROW.

C. F. Bradford Esq. D.
from the writer,
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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS WENTWORTH STORROW.

By
Nathan Channing M.D.

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THOMAS WENTWORTH STORROW.

T. W. Storrow was born in London (Eng.) in 1779, and died in Boston (N.E.) in 1862, in his eighty-third year. When he was six years old, his family went to one of the British West-India Islands, where he remained six years. He next came to Boston; from whence he was sent to New Brunswick to the care of relatives. It was there, and during a year's schooling at Portsmouth, that he had the beginning of his education. He made good use of his opportunities; acquiring a good knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, what was better, the moral and the intellectual were also cared for. If he wrote an excellent hand when a boy, and made good progress in the mystery of figures (both of which are very useful acquirements), he also got an apprehension of right and wrong in conduct; and this gained strength in the progress of intellectual development, — development in all the time and various experiences of his long life. When about sixteen, he came back to Boston, and was placed in Mr. Baker's retail dry-goods *shop* in Cornhill so called, then one of the divisions of our present Washington Street, — the others then being Marlborough, Newberry, and Orange Streets; a mode of designating portions of streets then common in London. His *master's* shop was

next door south of the Good Samaritan; a shop which survived to the latest *improvements* in its street.

The words "master" and "shop" are Italicized above; and there is a reason for it. A *shop* then was the common designation of all places of retail business: a store was a place for wholesale business in foreign rather than domestic goods. They were so called in England: hence it was that Napoleon I. called the English a nation of shopkeepers, much to their dissatisfaction; they forgetting what one of their old poets said, that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. It may be inferred that the Englishman was unwilling to be thought "to smell of the shop." It would seem that their descendants in America had caught the feeling of their ancestors in this regard; for, now, everybody who sells any thing, from a stick of candy to a skein of thread, is a storekeeper, a veritable merchant.

The word *master* was used above. In those days there were MASTERS, and the apprentice was a servant. Boys then were *boys*, and were "bound out" to service. Young Storrow, it was said, when he was about sixteen, was placed with Mr. Baker in Cornhill; and what did he as a shop-boy? He rose early, went to his master's house, and got to the kitchen by the gate. He stood waiting there till the shop-key was handed to him. He next went to the shop, opened and swept and dusted it; in winter, made a fire; cleared the sidewalk, if necessary, of snow or dirt; and then, when his master arrived, went to his breakfast. In the day, he did what was required of him, and *shut up* when the time came. Here was work; pretty hard work. There was no shirking, no dandyism: the dress was strong and plain, and could not be hurt by use. An anecdote is remembered which illustrates this. Mr. G. told me, that, when a boy, he was once sent to Mr. ——'s store, far off in Orange Street, to collect a bill to quite a large amount. He had on a new

coat, which his master, Mr. S., had given him. The store was down the Long Wharf. It was a very hot day. The bill was paid in coin, the currency of that early time in our business transactions. Young G. in his new coat had got the large bag of cash, and started for Long Wharf. He soon was in full sweat. His load was on his arm; and seeing Cato, a black man who jobbed on the wharf, he stopped him, and offered him a sixpenny-piece if he would *tote* the bag for him. Cato said he would. They got to the store, and found at the door Master S. and one or two other gentlemen. As G. got to the door, Master S. stood aside, moving his friends at the same time; saying, "Let Mr. G. and his servant pass in." When he next saw G., said he, "G., how came you to get Cato to bring the money for you? Were you too proud to do it yourself?" — "No, sir," said G.: "I had on the new coat you gave me, and thought the heavy bag would hurt the sleeve, and so hired Cato." — "You did right," said Master S.; "and come and dine with me Sunday." — "Now," said Mr. G. to me, "this was all gammon. I felt too proud in my new coat to lug home that bag of money; and it was a very hot day, as I remember well."

This brief sketch of an early time in our history shows what were the personal relations of the time. The social had the same element. This was deference, respect, a better word — *reverence*. It began in the family, and reached to society. The old were respected. So were the clergy, the schoolmaster, the parent, the master. A distance between men was felt to exist, and had its effect. The young were children, and were felt to be such. They had superiors, and were very early taught to obey them. An explanation: Before the Revolution, our fathers were "subjects." They had a superior, a king, over them; and were taught by custom, as well as by their Bible, to honor him.

Nothing more surely begets respect to others, reverence, than the recognition of a supreme head. How true this was in that early day, is taught by the sure word of its history. The men of that time felt how oppressive was the rule of the Home power. They did every thing to have this rule relaxed. It was felt to be tyranny; and then came *rebellion*, which in its success became *revolution*. We all know and feel what has, in regard to manners, been the effect. The Revolution did more than abolish individual tyranny. It made every man a sovereign, with no pledge that he should rule *himself*. The boy now stands, in the presence of his father, with his hat on; and I know at least one father, who, in our presence, told his son, if he said "SIR" in answering him, he would severely punish him. This was a man of wealth, and, through it, had influence. In the earlier time, a father told his son, if he stood covered before him, he would knock his hat off his head.

Now, what have been the results of the earlier discipline upon the life, character, the conduct, the manners, of our friend? He discovered early that he had a *mind*, — that it was given to him to be developed; that he had a *will*, and that it was to this he must look for intellectual, moral, and physical direction. It was for him to settle what his whole future should be. Said one who occupied an important position by the uses of his moral and intellectual nature while living, and "who, though dead, still speaketh," "There has been made to man a revelation of the Supreme Will in regard to human Duty, — 'stern daughter of the voice of God.' When will man's intellectual nature have a like revelation? When will men discover, or have it revealed, that their physical nature is the instrument only of their spiritual, their highest being? When will it be that a man shall always and ever know and feel, that what he truly should be must be ever the result of the conscious-

ness of his intellectual endowment, — his moral nature, and its uses; and that in no other way can he reach to that height for which he was created? When will this revelation come, and with such clearness as to be the ruling power in man's being?" Sir James Mackintosh was a fellow-student of Robert Hall, and through life his intimate friend. In a letter to him, Sir James says in substance, "You are one of the few men I have met with in whom the moral nature has regarded the understanding as its *nearest instrument.*" And further: "I have thought, in the occasional disturbance of your understanding, the moral nature has declared itself more eloquently and powerfully than at other times."

Our friend, it was said, early felt that he had a mind, and early began to do what he could for its development. We have seen that he left, or escaped, direct teaching early. He was old enough to feel that it depended upon himself what he was to be. He knew that by self-dependence he could alone make his way in the rough world before him. He knew that he was one of those —

> "That no revenue *have* but *their* good spirits
> To feed and clothe *them.*"

He had but little time to study, — the evening only; for his whole day as a shop-boy was filled up with the dull labors of his master's shop. He remained in the shop some two or three years; and then was placed in a large wholesale establishment, in which he had excellent opportunities for a thorough education as a merchant. But read he would and did. He told me his earliest reading was history and biography; and, through life, he had pleasure in this reading and study. After being in the counting-room for some time, and after most faithfully performing its duties, he was sent to France to purchase goods. He remained abroad as

a travelling-agent for some time; and had excellent opportunities for observation, which he diligently used. After his return, he formed a business connection with a brother-in-law; having married his sister. They went to Montreal, meaning to make that city their future residence. The war of 1812 occurred; and, as he could not consent to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, he was obliged to return to the States. Being a native of England, and as I supposed an Englishman cannot lose his birthright, it seemed strange to me that the oath could be necessary. But he said to me that it was required; and he would not consent to give up his connection with his adopted country, and this notwithstanding his establishment in the Provinces was not an unsuccessful one.

He went a second time to France, with his family; established himself there, and remained abroad fifteen years. This was a most important period of his life. He became acquainted with the Librarian of the Imperial Library, and had excellent opportunities to consult authors on subjects of more interest to him. He made friends wherever he was. With Lafayette his acquaintance may well be called intimate. He and his family would make visits at Lagrange in the summer, for weeks at a time; and in the winter he was at the Evenings of the Marquis, where he became acquainted with some of the most distinguished scientific and literary men of the time. Among these were Humboldt, Cousin, Lamartine. Mr. Storrow's intimacy with Washington Irving began in Paris. Mr. Irving was then in government employment. He was almost daily at Mr. Storrow's house, and almost domesticated with his family. We shall see hereafter that this intimacy did not cease after their return to this country. He became deeply interested in geology and mineralogy, and made a collection of minerals. These subjects continued to be objects of his strongest interest

during the remainder of his life. Another subject was antiquities; and to this subject he devoted much time. He wrote on this absorbing topic of literary interest after coming home, and published papers concerning it. He placed his sons in the Polytechnic School in Paris; and his only surviving and youngest son is now among the most distinguished of our civil engineers.

In Paris, Mr. Storrow accumulated a good property; but, in consequence of some unsuccessful investments, he failed. He returned to New York with his family. Within four years after, he lost his only daughter and his wife. He was alone. What resource was left? Intellectual employment promised most; and he at once entered its service. He was a lover of languages, and acquired them with ease. He sought for one which would require the most work, and selected the Hebrew. He employed a Rabbi as a teacher. His new study was successful, and very pleasant to him. He frequently spoke to me of his pleasure in reading the Books of Job and Isaiah. He acquired a very accurate knowledge of the Old Scriptures; and I never applied to him in vain when I was at a loss about some passage which I was in want of. His Hebrew Concordance and Dictionary were always at hand; and he referred to them as readily as any one could to any other similar sources of knowledge. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Old Testament, especially with its historical passages; and pointed out parallelisms between its statements of customs, worships, &c., and those of any other remote times and departed nations. Among those in which he felt the deepest interest were the extinct Peruvian races, of whom the later explorations among ruins and tumuli have made such important discoveries. Again and again have I said to him, that I believed he knew more of the Old Scriptures than do many of our modern preachers.

It is now about ten years since my friend came to Boston to live. It was then I became acquainted with him. We had lodgings in the same house. He was then an old man; but still his active powers, both intellectual and physical, were in excellent preservation. He was exceedingly methodical in all his pursuits. So many hours were devoted to study, and so many to exercise. He rarely complained of any thing; being strictly philosophical, where many find occasions for uneasiness or complaint. One day (a very cold winter one), he came from his noon walk into the sitting-room, and, slowly walking to the grate, spread out his hands before the fire, and dangling near it his long, thin fingers, said, looking quietly at the fire, "I do not think much of this old age, though they do crack it up so." His library, which he greatly valued, was not large; but it was made up of excellent books. There was not a poor book in it. It had history, biography, the best translations of Greek and Latin writers, scientific books, the best miscellaneous English writers (critical ones especially), the best French writers, and the best dictionaries and grammars in many tongues. A good novel was always a treat to him. He read with a pen in or at hand, and paper of a particular size. He used this in making such extracts of books as specially interested him, and in putting down at the moment such thoughts as occurred while reading. He was strictly methodical in every thing. Every thing had its place, and was always in it; so that he could lay his hand at once on any matter which he might wish to refer to. In this way, he accumulated a large amount of manuscripts which were made for use. His memory was excellent, and, from constant use, continued at his service as long as he lived, or till his last illness weakened all his powers. He was in the habit of translating from French and Spanish literature whole stories for his relatives who lived at a dis-

tance from him; and his writing was so beautiful, as well as legible, that it might be read as easily as print. I said, Spanish literature. When in Boston, he felt, as he did in New York, that, to vary occupation, he must get some other language; and the Spanish was chosen. He engaged a Spanish teacher to give him lessons. He came to his study, or his cabin (Uncle Tom's cabin), as he used to call his bookroom, and there gave his lessons. His facility in language-study soon made him an excellent Spanish scholar. Mr. Urbino, an importer of foreign books, was now applied to. His catalogues were examined, and some new Spanish novels were ordered, and in due time were added to our friend's library. A new novel was a new thing in Spanish literature. He thought that learning must be looking up in that old and sadly unproductive realm. Translations were begun. The poetry was rendered in English verse; which I believe were his first attempts in this kind. I did not dare, however, to ask the question. The manuscripts were duly sent to his distant and nearest living relatives. His purpose was to entertain them. He thought in this way he might do something to add to their pleasure, when he could in no other way do this. It was with him a source of constant regret, that he could do so little to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of others. "You," he would say, and very often, — "you can help others; you can diminish suffering; your calling constantly brings you near to human distress and pain, and you can do something to allay or remove both. I can do little or nothing for others. You see me at work every time you call on me. My work is so to occupy me as to secure to me the knowledge, the consciousness, of mental labor; and this is to me a source of pleasure." He would speak of the kindness of his friends when infirmity kept him within doors; how they would call to see him, and send him books and flowers, the last of

which gave him always the truest pleasure. "I have," he would say, "the kindest friends. I daily and hourly wish I could do something in requital of so much kindness." It would give me pleasure to give the names of these friends. I may say, that they were among those of our community whose society it was a great privilege to enjoy, and which was ever held in grateful memory by him who was its object. There was one source of pleasure which never failed to minister to the want of our friend: this was intellectual occupation. He only feared that age or infirmity might deprive him of it. But this did not happen: as long as power lasted, he was able to work. I scarcely ever called to see him (and this was almost daily, in the evening or by day) that I did not find him at his table, his book open, his pen in hand. When disease made this impossible, suffering destroyed the desire of work, and no complaint was heard. He hoped he should not outlive the consciousness of intellectual power; and he did not.

He had his favorite authors. At the head of these was PLATO. Said he, "I have the 'Republic' almost by heart." Socrates and Seneca were favorites. Cicero was among these, especially the "De Senectute," "Amicitia," and "Officiis." Well is his memory recollected. I once ascribed a quotation of St. Paul from a Greek poet to the wrong author. It was, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "You are wrong," said he: "it is from Menander that quotation is made." Among French writers he had many favorites. Of the English he read with great pleasure, and specially valued, Sir James Mackintosh and Macaulay, Disraeli, De Quincey, Jeffrey, and the earlier English classics in prose and verse. Shakspeare was to him as a household word. He was very choice of his library, and it was carefully arranged. If a book was taken down, it was an important matter with him that it should be put

back again in its own place. It was with him almost as if a book knew where it should be; and his natural respect for right would be audibly expressed, if it were not returned to its appropriated home.

Mr. Storrow was thus a student by a moral as well as by an intellectual necessity. His great need was occupation. He was only satisfied in and by intellectual work. He published as well as wrote. He was among the advertised contributors to the "New-York Review," and contributed articles to it full of historical research. He sometimes handed his manuscripts to Mr. William H. Prescott, — those especially which related to Spanish-American history, in which he felt an abiding interest; and was highly gratified with Mr. Prescott's friendly remarks upon them. He was once requested to write an article for another review. He wrote one, and sent it to the editor. He was thanked; and he supposed it was to have appeared. But it did not; and the manuscript was returned, filled with corrections and erasures so strongly made as to render it almost illegible. He wrote for another periodical, but unsuccessfully. His articles were called sensible and interesting, &c.; but it was feared they would not be found *taking* by the readers of the work. There was disappointment in all this; but there was no ill-feeling and no discouragement. He studied, as was just said, under a moral as well as intellectual necessity. He could not be driven from his "daily food" because it was not according to an editor's appetite. He grew by what he fed on; and the consciousness of such growth is, after all, its best return. He could hardly be injuriously disappointed, and so kept steadily on. In such a case, the failure to satisfy another becomes the strongest motive for a larger self-growth.

Mr. Storrow took a vacation every summer; visiting friends by the way to his destination. He went frequently

to Sharon Springs; and in its celebrated waters, its mountain elevation and pleasant company, found health and pleasure. He used to meet at Sharon certain old stagers, — frequenters of the place, — compatriots with him in the long battle of life; giving, to their latest present, renewals of the remote past, and casting upon their future its gentle shadows, making welcome whatever its tidings might be. What was especially grateful in these summer wanderings were his visits to *Sunny Side*, the residence of Washington Irving. His oldest son married Mr. Irving's niece; and thus was formed between them, in addition to their old intimacy, a relationship most highly prized by our friend. He used now and then to hand me Mr. Irving's letters reminding him of his expected visit; and well do I remember the truly friendly spirit in which these letters were written. From these vacations he came back to his quiet "cabin" with renewed health for his winter life.

Our friend loved music. His long residence in Paris had furnished him with excellent opportunities for knowledge in this high art. He always said he preferred the singing of distinguished vocalists, such as Jenny Lind and Braham, to the complicated melodies of Italian art. He understood these perfectly well; and there were passages in "Don Giovanni" and "Norma" and others which gave him intense pleasure. There was one circumstance, or fact of character, which often struck and amused me. This was a sort of impatience or restlessness at the confinement which seemed imposed upon him by popular amusements. I rarely knew him to remain through a whole play. He seldom went to the theatre, and only when he was told some distinguished actor or actress was in the programme. For a time he would sit quite comfortably, and seemed pleased; then he would move a little; then become restless, and say, "Well, I must be going; this wont do;"

and go he did. He reminded me of the anecdote in Miss Edgeworth of the little girl whose mother carried her to a play to be *amused.* In the midst of the performance, says Miss Edgeworth, the child looked up to her mother, and said, "Mamma, *am I amused?*" He certainly was not.

On one occasion, our friend was sorely tired and thoroughly beaten. We heard that —— —— was great in Meg Merrilees; and got tickets. We went early, and were well seated. The play began. He bore the first act; but the second was beyond endurance. Never was any thing so abominable, so horrible, as the murder of the whole character of Meg. Such faces, such action of body and limbs, such outrageous caricature of every thing human, such disgusting ignorance of the whole character, was more than he could bear a moment longer. I agreed with him entirely; and, as soon as the curtain fell upon the second act, we rose, and, in a few long and rapid steps, escaped farther inflictions of the absurd —— ——.

Not only did Mr. Storrow love music, but he loved children too. How often has he stopped to watch them at play! "How much I love these little creatures!" would he say; "so full of joy and grace and beauty! I must see them a little longer." Lavater says, "Keep that man three yards distant who hates *bread, music,* and the *laugh of a child.*" Our friend loved them all.

Mr. Storrow was eminently social. He was very fond of society; and that he was valued in return, has been abundantly showed. We are now to look at his life as expressed in conduct. "Conduct," says Sir James Mackintosh, "is the expression of character:" manner is the form; the dress, of conduct. Mr. Storrow well knew what he owed to society, and what society owed him. As well did he know what he owed to himself. What better foundations of character, conduct, and manner, than these three? He

had visited, and for many years lived with, a people wholly unlike his own adopted countrymen. It was a nation which has always prided itself on its social proprieties and elegances. We have showed that he was as at home in such societies. Such opportunities of reaching to the best modes of external life were not lost upon him; nor were they ever so manifested as to be specially noticed, or as differing from the manners of others. Our friend was in no sense obtrusive: his rules of life or living prevented his being so. He followed an apostolic *dictum*, which it were well were it more commonly followed; viz., "*Be courteous.*" Mr. Storrow was a GENTLEMAN, — the highest style of man; and the shortest intercourse would show to you this. Whatever the civility, service, or attention, bestowed upon him, it met with a return, and this often with interest. It was pleasant to see his conduct towards those who occupied a different position, and with whom he might have business relations. We used to take coffee at a very nice place (Copeland's): our hour was four, P.M. His politeness, his kindness of manner, soon attracted the notice of those who served us; and it was very pleasant to witness its manifestation. The service was a pleasure to them who rendered it.

Mr. Storrow's manner was calm. He was social, and contributed his part to render society agreeable. When quite advanced in age, he still went abroad, evening as well as day; for his desire was not to rust out, and to keep his friendships in repair, as Johnson has it. He was a good listener, but was always ready to offer his views on subjects under discussion. He was very careful regarding dress, but was as simple here as in his allegiance to the other requirements of society. I once bought some well-looking gloves of a rather dark gray, or black and white mixed colour. I offered him a pair. He declined accepting them,

saying he was not in mourning, *half* or *whole;* and that to wear such gloves would be such a sort of social *anachronism* as he would specially avoid. Now, so wholly ignorant am I of social politics, I wondered not a little that my simple present should be so summarily declined. He owed not a little to the personal. He was above the standard height, and very well proportioned. His face was very handsome, and at the same time manly. His features were striking. His eyes and mouth would be observed of all observers. The nose, though it separated them, did not by its size or form disturb the harmony of their action. To those who intimately knew him, the character of what he was about to say could often be seen in his face. The story would be half told before he had uttered a word. If there were to be humor in it, this was pretty certain to be foreseen.

Mr. Storrow was strictly a man of habit. Method ran through, and gave character to, his every-day life. This may have come of the discipline of mercantile life. To me, who have but very little "method in my madness," this deep-laid trait in my friend's character was much noticed. The misplaced always found its true place by one of us. He was through life an early riser. He had taken his first lessons in the formation of this excellent habit in his master's shop, next door to the Good Samaritan; and he never forgot what was then very emphatically imposed upon him. He rose about five through the year. In the winter he lighted his lamp, made his fire and his morning or breakfast toilet, and sat at his table for work. At noon he dressed for the day, and generally took a walk before and after dinner. After dinner he had a short *siesta;* and at four we went to coffee, and afterward walked. In the evening he frequently called on a friend, or a friend called on him. Now, there was that in so methodical a life which

contributed to health, and made intellectual occupation easy and pleasurable. We have seen how much it enabled him to do. On Sunday mornings he went regularly to the Stone Chapel, and there listened with great pleasure and profit to the ministrations of President Walker and Dr. Peabody. We rarely talked about religion. We have seen he was a scholar in the Old Scripture, though he doubted much concerning its plenary inspiration; and, in regard to the New, he often alluded to parallelisms between its teachings and some of the Greek writers before it, especially in those of Plato. St. Paul's familiarity with "your own [the Greek] poets" was often referred to. I have met with no one whose memory was stronger than his, and for whom it stood in such good stead. With all this learning and research, I have met with few who used their knowledge in a happier way. He was a man of a simplicity and modesty which were wholly characteristic. It was as natural to him as was his salutation; his pleasant, cheerful "How do you do?" I need hardly refer to his refinement: it was the natural outgrowth or expression of character, which could not fail to be discovered and respected.

For more than a year before his death, Mr. Storrow suffered from disease which might be palliated, but was never removed. He was now more than eighty. He continued to work, and to walk out, when he was able. We kept up our coffee afternoons pretty well. He was not a complainer. He got up as early as ever: winter did not stop him. He continued intellectual labor long after he was confined to the house. A few days before his death, his mind failed. Death came at last in kindness, and life ceased, apparently without suffering.

The above is a sketch of the life of a man who was a striking instance of SELF-CULTURE. He was a self-made

man. I say this in full recollection of an essay by one of our most distinguished writers, which declares that there never was nor can be a self-made man. It was said above, that Mr. Storrow, when a shop-boy, discovered that he had a mind, — an active power; and that he had a will, by which to give it direction. He early learned that "the excellence of all teaching consists not so much in the positive way of instruction conveyed, as in stirring up the mind to exercise the powers with which it is gifted, and to learn from itself." * We have repeatedly said that he loved books, and read them as opportunity permitted, — ~~that he loved books~~, — that he preferred history and biography. He learned in them how men, great men, and states, had labored to develop the moral and intellectual in human nature. He retained his love for this department of literature during his long life. An active merchant was he; and he pursued his calling in distant lands. His person and manner were singularly attractive; and he made friends everywhere. He had great facility of acquiring languages. Each new one was a key to new intellectual treasures. Without special education in its popular sense, he was daily educating himself; making every person and thing within his reach tributary to his intellectual growth. *He knew what he wanted*, and was at no loss as to the way by which to obtain it. This knowledge was in him, as with every student, the secret of his success. He controlled circumstances; brushing them away whenever they impeded his progress. He made no noise in the world: such men never do. He was his own world, and he knew perfectly what was its orbit. His great object was to avoid *perturbations;* and he succeeded. He was a calm, peaceful man.

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* The Fathers of Greek Philosophy, by R. D. Hampden, D.D., Bishop of Hereford. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1862.

Very seldom have I seen him excited; and if ever, it was a noiseless stir, and soon subsided. We rarely talked politics. He said he *always* voted; and this was about all the interest he manifested in public affairs.

We talked about the war; but, as the subject interfered with other matters of more interest to us, it occupied but little time. He knew nothing about war as a science, and I knew less; and the daily record of "battle and murder, and death unprepared for," had to us no attractiveness. He knew something of the results of war. He had witnessed the triumphant entrance of the combined armies of Europe into the conquered capital of conquered France: he had witnessed the humiliation of a mighty people. What is to be the result of our civil war? "Who can tell?" he would ask. He read the papers, but was too familiar with the contradiction to-day of what was said yesterday to think of results. Our friend was a philosopher, *a lover of wisdom*, as the word means; and he was not over-anxious to enter into discussions which he felt would end in nothing, or something worse. He had a true estimate of the value of time, and could not afford to waste it.

Another rule, which had much power with our friend, was to do that, which was to be done, as soon as occasion rose. He was punctual: in paying for purchases, the pay and the purchase were separated by the smallest amount of time. He would not allow a man to write him in his books as a debtor. The command, "Pay what thou owest," and "Owe no man any thing," had a literal signification to our friend, which made him the most independent of men. I have spoken of punctuality in relation to money-matters. The principle was as literally accepted and complied with by our friend in the whole and wide field of duty.

We have seen how social he was; how much he received, and with what interest he returned, what was so cheerfully given. How happy should I be to see again his ever-welcome face, and hear his cheerful word! God grant that we may again see him! — yes, "*see as we are seen*, and *know as we are known.*"

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